

PRICE 15 CENTS.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 20.)

DADDY GRAY.

A SERIO-COMIC DRAMA,

In Three Acts.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

Author of "The Heart of the Great City," "Mountain Dhu," "Kenilworth Burlesque," &c.

AS FIRST PRODUCED AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE, LONDON, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MISS M. OLIVER, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1868.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

New-York :

ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,

No. 33 Rose Street.

NOW
READY.

HE'S A LUNATIC. A Farce, in One Act. By Felix Dale, Esq.
Price Fifteen Cents.

IF I HAD A THOUSAND A YEAR. A Farce, in One Act.
By John Maddison Morton. Price Fifteen Cents.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

 Please notice that nearly all the Comedies, Farces and Comediettas in the following list of DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS are very suitable for representation in small Amateur Theatres and on Parlor Stages, as they need but little extrinsic aid from complicated scenery or expensive costumes. They have attained their deserved popularity by their droll situations, excellent plots, great humor and brilliant dialogues, no less than by the fact that they are the most perfect in every respect of any edition of plays ever published either in the United States or Europe, whether as regards purity of the text, accuracy and fulness of stage directions and scenery, or elegance of typography and clearness of printing.

. In ordering please copy the figures at the commencement of each piece, which indicate the number of the piece in "DE WITT'S LIST OF ACTING PLAYS."

 Any of the following Plays sent, postage free, on receipt of price—**15 cents** each.

Address,

ROBERT M. DE WITT,

No. 33 Rose Street, New York.

 The figure following the name of the Play denotes the number of Acts. The figures in the columns indicate the number of characters—M. male; F. female.

No.		M.	F.	No.		M.	F.
75.	Adrienne, drama, 3 acts.....	7	3	21.	Dreams, drama, 5 acts.....	6	3
114.	Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 act.....	3	3	186.	Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts..	6	4
167.	Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts. . .	7	3	47.	Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act.....	5	2
93.	Area Belle (The), farce, 1 act.....	3	2	13.	Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts.	6	5
40.	Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	2	200.	Estranged, an operetta, 1 act.....	2	1
89.	Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act. .	3	3	108.	Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts, 9	9	7
192.	Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1 act	3	1	9.	Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials,		
166.	Barbed vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act. 6	2	2		interlude, 1 act.....	4	1
41.	Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2	3	128.	Female Detective, drama, 3 acts....	11	4
141.	Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9	3	101.	Fernande, drama, 3 acts.....	11	10
67.	Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act. .	7	3	99.	Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10	2
36.	Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts.....	7	5	145.	First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4	1
160.	Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts.....	11	6	102.	Foiled, drama, 4 acts.....	9	3
70.	Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	88.	Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act.....	4	2
179.	Breach of Promise., drama, 2 acts.....	5	2	74.	Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7	4
25.	Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta, 1 act	4	8	53.	Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act. 4	2	2
21.	Caliban, No. 93, farce, 1 act.	2	2	73.	Golden Fetter (Fettered), drama, 3	11	4
1.	Caste, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	3	30.	Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce,		
69.	Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act.....	4	1		1 act.....	5	3
175.	Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts. 10	5	5	131.	Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4	3
55.	Catharine Howard, historical play,			28.	Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	1
	3 acts.....	12	5	151.	Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2	2
80.	Charming pair, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	8.	Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....	10	3
63.	Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	5	180.	Henry the Fifth, historical play, 5	38	5
68.	Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3	9	3	19.	He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3	2
76.	Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act. 3	2	2	60.	Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5	5
149.	Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8	7	187.	His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	4	1
121.	Comical Countess, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	174.	Home, comedy, 3 acts.....	4	3
107.	Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2	1	64.	Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act.....	1	1
152.	Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act....	1	1	190.	Hunting the Slipper, farce, 1 act....	4	1
52.	Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	1	191.	High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	4	2
148.	Cut off with a Shilling, comedietta,			197.	Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	14	2
	1 act.....	2	1	18.	If I Had a Thousand a Year, farce,		
113.	Cyrill's Success, comedy, 5 acts.....	10	4		1 act.....	4	3
199.	Captain of the Watch (The), come-			116.	I'm Not Meself at All, original Irish		
	dietta, 1 act.....	4	2		stew, 1 act.....	3	2
20.	Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts.....	8	4	129.	In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.....	2	3
4.	Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act....	4	2	159.	In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act....	4	2
22.	David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	3	122.	Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....	11	4
96.	Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act. 4	3	3	177.	I Sha'l Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4	1
16.	Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts....	6	5	100.	Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.....	9	2
58.	Deborah (Leah) drama, 3 acts.....	7	6	139.	Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts... 3	3	3
125.	Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5	1	17.	Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	4
71.	Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts..	5	3	86.	Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....	12	5
142.	Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4	72.	Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4	2

DADDY GRAY.

A Serio-Comic Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY,

*Author of "The Heart of the Great City," "Mountain Dhu," "Kerilworth
Burlesque," etc.*

AS FIRST PRODUCED AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE, LONDON,
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MISS M. OLIVER,
FEBRUARY 1, 1863.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—EN-
TRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

NEW YORK:
ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
No. 33 Rose Street.

PR 4735
H7 II3

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

New Royalty Theatre, London, Feb. 1, 1868. *Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, 1870.*

Peter Bell, an artisan.....	Mr J. RUSSELL.	Mr. H. RYNER.
Harry Garden, a young miller...	Mr. PHILIP DAY.	Mr. GEO. JORDAN, JR.
Daddy Gray, a retired tradesman.	Mr F. DEWAR.	Mr. E. L. DAVENPORT.
Mr. Travers, a solicitor.....	Mr KENWARD.	Mr. EVANS.
Augustus Jinks, his clerk.....	Mr. DANVERS.	Mr. JAMES LEWIS.
Mr Drudge, a junior at the bar..	Mr. CHARLES.	
Johnny, a boy, son of Peter Bell	Master J. HENRI.	
Postman.....	Mr. COBBETT.	
Mrs Bell.....	Mrs. J. ROUSE.	
Jessie Bell, her daughter.....	Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON.	Miss AGNES ETHEL.
Kitty Clatterby, a young lady, who marries in haste and repents at leisure	Miss M. OLIVER.	Miss M. LONGMORE.
Lottie, a little girl.....	Miss OSBOEN.	
Policemen, lawyers, etc., etc.		

TIME OF PLAYING—Two hours.

SYNOPSIS.

Peter Bell, an artisan, finds himself, by reason of a strike, out of work, with himself and family in a starving condition. Jessie, Bell's daughter, desires to marry Harry Garden, a young miller, whose mill has been destroyed by fire. The Bell family are visited by Daddy Gray, a retired tradesman, who not only remits their rent, affords them the necessaries of life, but supplies the children with toys and playthings. To the consternation of Jessie, the insurance company cause the arrest of Garden upon a charge of arson. Daddy Gray employs counsel for the prisoner, while secretly determined to marry Jessie himself. The young girl is induced to promise her hand to her family's benefactor in the event of her other suitor being found guilty. At the last moment of the trial, while the jury are out, Jessie overhears one of the lawyers asserting that Garden's mill had been fired by a half-witted lad having a personal animosity against him. She fails to have this evidence introduced, and a verdict of guilty is recorded against her lover. Yielding to the importunities of her parents, Jessie Bell consents to marry Daddy Gray, who, arrayed in his wedding-garments, receives the felicitations of his friends. Immediately prior to his departure for the church, the bridegroom receives a letter from Garden, intended to be transmitted to Jessie, announcing the arrest of the half-witted lad and his confession as to having been the incendiary. Blinded by his selfish desire to espouse the young woman, Gray suppresses the letter, but is surprised by the arrival of Garden, a free man. Jessie, in bridal attire, is astonished at her young lover's liberation, and explains to him the reason for her reluctant promise to marry a man old enough to be her father. Daddy Gray, conscious of the girl's intended sacrifice, relinquishes all claim upon her, and bestows her hand upon his juvenile rival.

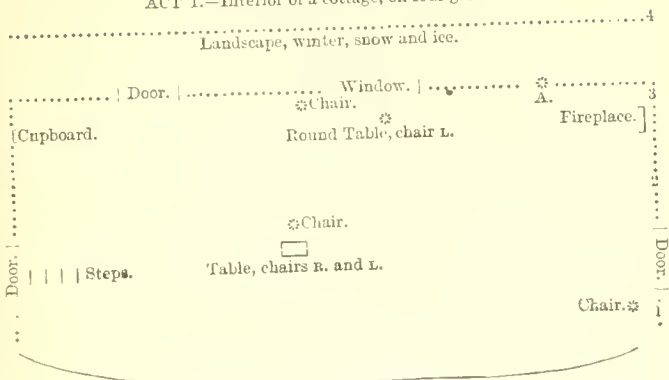
GIFT

EST. OF J. H. CORNING

JUNE 20. 1940

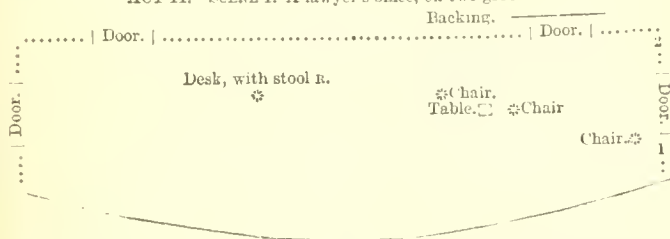
SCENERY (*English, present day*)

ACT I.—Interior of a cottage, on four grooves.



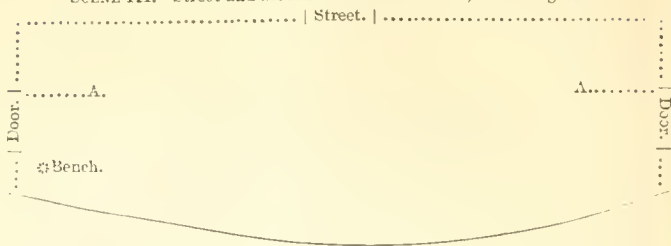
Window in F. is a wide one, divided into three by two uprights, latticed, transparent; dark plain chintz curtains to it, drawn aside; window is in a recess, two feet deep; D. in F., practicable. Fireplace L. 2 E. has a projecting cover coming into the room, mantel on it; fire to burn; D. L. and R. 1 E.'s practicable. A low flight of steps lead down R. 1 E. D., as from a higher floor. Landscape is farm-grounds, a frozen pond and leafless trees, seen in sunlight. Cupboard, R. 2 E., is practicable, with shelves for dishes. Mat down, L. 2 E., before fireplace. *A, a framed colored engraving on flat.

ACT II.—SCENE I. A lawyer's office, on two grooves.



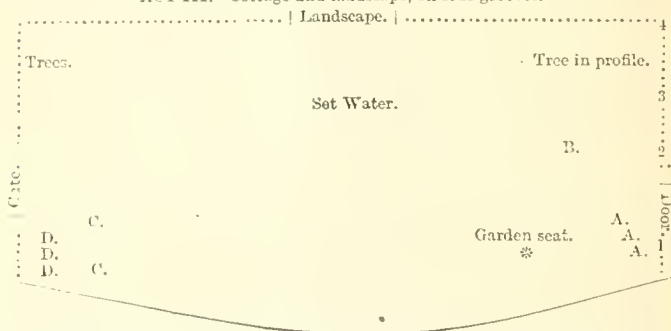
D.'s R. and L. practicable; a piece of carpet down. Desk is a high one, brass rail round its top, lid to lift up; papers, inkstand, etc., on table. Over R. D. in F., two boxes, painted in white with "M. P." and "T. S." Over L. D. in F., two boxes, with "B. W." and "N. A." *Scene II.*: Garden wall on one groove, with sign in white letters, "~~B. W.~~ To the Court-House," R. *Scene III.*: Street and arched entrance to a court, on three grooves.

SCENE III.—Street and arched entrance to a court, on three grooves



L. and R. 1 E. sets are stone walls; D. L. is practicable. From A to A springs a stone arch.

ACT III.—Cottage and landscape, on four grooves.



Landscape on flat, a row of farm-houses on bank of river; third entrance line, a canvas spread for river; a tree, L., in the water, on islet; set trees in a grove, R. U. L.; L. 1 and 2 E., a set cottage, windows in upper story; practicable D., with porch in front; morning-glories in flower on porch; A. A. A., flowers in pots, one to be blue flowers. B, a bank, one or two feet high, covered with stones, flowers, sheets, etc., to run on to mask part of the set bank on third groove, from L. to R., which covers the set water-front edge; R. side, a garden wall, five feet high, with practicable gate. C. C., low banks, six inches high, covered with shells, stones, flowers, etc. D. D. D., flowers in pots. The whole scene is lighted very brightly. General effect, fine, sunny summer's morning.

PROPERTIES (See "Scenery.")

Act I.: Table-cloth, cups and saucers for four; plates, knives and forks for three; tea-pot; tea in caddy, spoons; sugar in bowl at cupboard, R. 2 E.; three pipes, to break; wash-basin, broom; tray; ring in box for JINKS; two wicker bird-cages, one with bird in, hung high up, R. on R.; easy chair, with cushion, up L.; toys for GRAY to bring in *Act I.* (his first entrance), Noah's Ark, monkey on stick, pop-gun; apples, a goose; paper of smoking tobacco, a bunch of flowers.

Act II.—*Scene I.*—Plate, with sausage; knife and fork, roll of bread, pewter pot, all in desk; book, ink-stand and quills on desk; papers, inkstand, quills on table; hat-peg on side flat, L., for JINKS's hat; spectacles for Mr. TRAVERS; folded paper for Mr. DRUDGE to carry in hand. *Scene II.*: Blue bag for JINKS. *Scene III.*: Papers for LAWYERS. *Act III.*: Cleavers and marrow-bones for BUTCHERS; flowers in pots, and morning-glories in bloom for porch (see "Scenery"); a letter in envelope inside another envelope; pipe for JINKS; white rosettes for BUTCHERS, JOHNNY and BYSTANDERS for Tableaux.
[FOR COSTUMES, SEE LAST PAGE].

DADDY GRAY.

ACT I.

SCENE.—BELL'S Cottage. PETER BELL enters slowly and dejectedly, R. 1
E. D.

BELL. Another day begins, and if I don't find something to do, I and my wife and child may soon go to the work-house. (*up R. at cupboard*) Only half a loaf. Well, (*sighing*) half a loaf is better than no bread, as the saying is. Anything else? (*crosses to fireplace, L. 2 E.*) Not a hatful of coals. No tea! (*at fireplace*) No tobacco—not a pipeful! (*savagely breaks pipe*) Oh! luxuries are not for a poor man like me who can't afford necessities of life! I wonder whether I shall get work to-day? (*fiercely*) What's the use of my standing here wondering, when I ought to go out and look for it! [*Exit D. in F., angrily, and off L. side.*]

Voice of JESSIE off R. 1 E. singing, enters R. 1 E.

JESSIE (*singing*). "All on a summer morning," etc. (*goes up c.*) Half past eight! and father will be in to breakfast at nine. (*sings while she arranges things at fireplace, L.*)

HARRY GARDEN enters L. U. E., to the window without.

HARRY (*aside*). There she is! as lively as a lark and merry as the birds. (*aloud*) Jessie!

JESSIE (*turns*). Ah! Harry.

HARRY. Haven't you a kiss for me this morning, Jessie?

JESSIE. Perhaps I have, but isn't it worth coming in for, Harry? (*up L. c.*)

HARRY. Give it to me through the window. Like the school-boy's apples, it will be all the sweeter for being stolen.

JESSIE (*at window*). I'm not tall enough, Harry! I'll blow you one. (*blows kiss.*)

HARRY (*reared*). Ah!

JESSIE. What's the matter?

HARRY. The wind blew it away! That's what I call "wasting your sweetness on the desert air!"

JESSIE (*kisses through lattice*). There!

HARRY. I caught it that time.

HARRY enters D. in F., comes down R. to front, singing first verse of "Miller of Dee" to "And this the Burden of his Song," when he draws JESSIE to him, and while singing "I cares for nobody, no, not I, for nobody cares for me!" gives it a mocking tone to contrast the words with his affectionate embrace, and looks at JESSIE. At end he kisses her.

JESSIE. You are merry this morning. Any one would think that a miller who had had his mill burnt down, would not have a heart for such mood. (C. front)

HARRY. I am insured, I'll make the insurance company pay, and build up a better mill again. And with you in the house, and I in the mill, all will go on click-clack, click-clack as before.

JESSIE. If you have me, something else than the mill will go click-clack!

HARRY. Eh? oh, you mean your pretty little tongue. I am going to build the daintiest little cottage, all for you—a real golden cage to put you in.

JESSIE. With a perch, like Dickey's yonder? (points to cage on flat R.)

HARRY. Yes, and feed you with sugar like him, and you shall sing to me when I say "Sweet, Sweet!"

JESSIE. Are you sure you will always say "Sweet, Sweet?"

HARRY. Ever so sure!

JESSIE. If ever you should be naughty and tease me, I should peck at you! (kisses him.)

HARRY (laughs). Like that? Then I should often tease you.

JESSIE (abruptly). But you are throwing me all behind. I have brother and sister to dress for school, and breakfast to make ready.

HARRY. Can't I help you?

JESSIE (laughs). You! with your clumsy hands? what can you do?

HARRY. Whatever Love directs.

JESSIE (L. up). Then Love directs you to sweep up the fireplace. There's the broom. (up C.)

HARRY (sweeps fireplace, and puts broom back in place). What else?

JESSIE. Fetch me the breakfast things—the cups and saucers.

HARRY. Cups and saucers—cups and saucers. (gets things from cupboard, while JESSIE spreads cloth on table, and they set table between them)

JESSIE. That's all right! now run and see if the kettle is boiling.

HARRY (to fireplace). I can't hear it sing. Sing, kettle! (takes up poker, and plunges it between bars, as if to frighten the kettle) "Kettles that can sing and won't sing, must be made to sing!" Confound it! It's like the young ladies—it won't sing when you want it to! (poker business as before.)

JESSIE. If it is like young girls, you will not persuade it that way.

HARRY. Perhaps it's singing to itself. I'll listen and see. (in taking off cover of tea-kettle scalds himself, drops cover, comes down L. C.)

JESSIE (to fire, acc, replaces cover, laughs). How clumsy you men are in these little things.

HARRY. Little things indeed! I can manage a mill, and drive a steam-engine, but I can't take the cover off a tea-kettle without burning my fingers.

JESSIE. People generally do burn their fingers, who meddle with things they don't understand. When we're married, Harry, you can manage the mill, and I will manage the kettle.

HARRY (crosses around, coming up R.) Why, what's that?

JESSIE. The new arm-chair. It's a present from old Daddy Gray to mother. (C)

HARRY. The dear old soul.

JESSIE. I wish there were more in the world as good as Daddy Gray.

HARRY. Ah! there are few like him. It would be a pleasanter world if there were more so pleasant. But I must keep my appointment with the agent. I will call as I come back, Jessie. (*going up R., begins to sing "Miller of Dee."*)

JESSIE (*meaningly*). Good-bye! (HARRY *turns, laughs and returns to kiss her*) Good-bye.

HARRY. Good-bye!

[*Exit H. in F., singing "Miller of Dee" to himself.*]

JESSIE. Ah! (*to R. I E.*) Now, then, Johnny and Lottie come and be dressed.

HARRY (*outside at window, aside*). What a lucky dog I am, to be sure.

Enter JOHNNY and LOTTIE, R. I E., very reluctantly, and JESSIE forces them up C, to the wash-basin in the window-recess.

JESSIE. Johnny! (*pulls JOHNNY to basin*) will you be good?

JOHNNY. I don't want to be washed! (*beginning to cry.*)

JESSIE. But you must.

JOHNNY (*crying*). I was washed yesterday.

JESSIE. And so you had your breakfast yesterday. But you want it to-day?

JOHNNY. Yes. (*quickly*) But I don't eat soap!

HARRY (*aside*). No fear about my shirt-buttons! [*Exit R. I E.*]

JESSIE (*business with the two children*). Come here this instant, you bad boy! See how good Lottie is!

JOHNNY. Oh, oh, you've put soap in my eyes.

JESSIE. Lottie, put on your pinafore! Johnny, give me your other hand; you've got two hands. Oh, you bad boy! (*concludes washing business*) There, Johnny, dry your hands. Now, go out and play till I call you into breakfast!

[*Exeunt JOHNNY and LOTTIE, D. in F.*]

MRS. BELL *enters R. I E.*

JESSIE. Ah, mother! (*places arm-chair at fireplace*) Come and sit down by the fire in the nice new chair Daddy Gray brought.

[*Exit R. I E., singing.*]

MRS. BELL (*in chair by fire*). Poor girl! She little knows what is hanging over us, or she would not be so merry!

Enter, D. in F., dejectedly, PETER, coming down E.

MRS. BELL. Well, Peter?

PETER. It is not well.

MRS. B. No work?

PETER. None. The same answer everywhere. "Very happy to take you on, but no room."

MRS. B. It is very hard!

PETER (*C., front*). It is hard! when a man *can* work and is willing to work, but can get no work to do!

MRS. B. I don't know what is to become of us.

PETER. The rain seemed to come down in a heap. Not content with our bad luck, there was the burning of Harry's mill. (*to L., up.*)

MRS. B. Yes, if he had married Jessie he might have helped us. What did that butcher say?

PETER. That he must have his money!

MRS. B. And the baker?

PETER. All the same.

MRS. B. And if we cannot pay them, Peter?

PETER. Do you know what a brotherly butcher or baker does to his fellow-man when he can't pay—sells him up!

MRS. B. Mr. Gray don't ask for his rent.

PETER. No! Mr. Gray comes here every day and sees how it is.

MRS. B. He comes so often. Can't you guess what for, Peter?
(PETER converses with her in dumb show.)

JESSIE enters R. 1 E., singing; checks her singing on seeing PETER.

JESSIE. Ah, father! (kisses PETER) Good morning! You can sit up to table now. (to D. in F.) Johnny and Lottie, come to breakfast! (MR. and MRS. B. come to table.)

JOHNNY and LOTTIE enter D. in F.

All's ready. (gets teapot from fireplace.)

*MRS. B.

JESSIE.* *PETER, with LOTTIE on his knee.

JOHNNY* on a stool.

All at table, business of tea-drinking and eating.

JOHNNY. I'm so hungry! (coughs.)

JESSIE. Oh, naughty boy that you are! You're choking! (thumps JOHNNY on the back) Oh, you greedy boy!

DADDY GRAY enters L. U. E. to window, looks in.

LOTTIE. Oh, I see Mr. Gray!

GRAY (aside). Quite a picture—a family picture. (knock, D. in F.)

ALL. come in!

GRAY enters, D. in F., down R. side.

GRAY. Good morning, good morning!

JOHNNY. Oh, Mr. Gray! (rises.)

GRAY. What do you think I have brought to-day?

LOTTIE. Lollipops!

GRAY. Lollipops—no! Guess again.

JOHNNY. Jumbies!

GRAY. Pshaw!

JOHNNY. Oh, I know! It's a conundrum! "Because it's a-jar!"

JESSIE (strokes JOHNNY playfully, laughing). Oh, clever.

GRAY. What day is to-morrow, Lottie?

LOTTIE. Tuesday.

GRAY. No, that's not it.

JESSIE. Oh, no! I know what Daddy means! It's Michaelmas!

GRAY. Of course, it is, and I've brought you a goose. (produces goose.)

ALL. Oh!

JOHNNY. Ain't he a whopper! (dances around goose and GRAY, R., taking from pockets as he speaks, and JESSIE putting things on table, while MR. and MRS. B. exchange meaning glances.)

GRAY. Here's the sage.

JESSIE. Sage——

GRAY. And the onions——

JESSIE. And onions——

GRAY. And the—now what have I done with the apple-sauce? Oh, I know, here it is. And here's a—a monkey and a Noah's ark for Lottie—come along, Lottie. (*LOTTIE leaves PETER's knee and comes R.*) And a pop-gun for Johnny. (*JOHNNY claps his hands.*)

JESSIE. Children, where's your manners?

JOHNNY. Thank you, Daddy! }

LOTTIE. Thank you, Mr. Gray! }

JESSIE. Why Daddy, you are as clever as the conjurer we saw at the fair to-day.

GRAY. Bless you, I've not half done! Watch me closely! There's no deception (*produces small nosegay.*)

JESSIE (*takes flowers*). Oh, how lovely! how sweet they smell!

JOHNNY. Where are *your* manners, Jessie?

GRAY (*to MRS. BELL*). And how are you to-day, ma'am?

MRS. B. Not very well.

GRAY. Oh, you must cheer up! And you, Peter?

PETER. Pretty well.

GRAY. I almost forgot you. I want you to try some tobacco. (*gives paper to PETER*) It's some I've had down from London. Bless you, you'll not get any such here.

PETER. Thank you, Mr. Gray.

JESSIE (*looks at MRS. BELL, who nods*). Won't you have a cup of tea, Daddy?

GRAY. I don't mind if I do.

JESSIE. Johnny, get a chair for Mr. Gray.

GRAY (*takes JOHNNY's stool*). No, never mind, this will do.

JESSIE (*pouring out tea*). Do you take sugar?

GRAY. A little.

JESSIE. Milk?

GRAY. Just a drop.

JESSIE. Oh, dear, I'm so sorry—there's no milk.

GRAY (*quickly*). Oh, I forgot, I never do take milk. (*supping tea*) The Chinese, my dear, the Chinese never do take milk, I am told, in their tea, and they ought to know about it.

JESSIE. Have some more.

GRAY. Oh, no! I never take more than one cup—bless you, no!

JOHNNY (*who has been idly straying about at back, comes down R.*). Won't you come and play, Daddy?

PETER. Don't you annoy Mr. Gray.

GRAY. Oh, bless you! they don't annoy me.

During following, MRS. BELL and JESSIE remove breakfast things, PETER going to chair up L. by fireplace.

GRAY. Come, (*takes chair to R. side*) I'll explain your toys.

JESSIE (*comes down R.*). Oh, do! Daddy.

Behind GRAY's chair, JOHNNY R. of him, LOTTIE L. of him.

GRAY. What will I begin with?

JOHNNY. The monkey.

JESSIE. The nasty thing!

GRAY. Mind what you are saying, my dear. Scientific men, that know all about these things, say that we were all monkeys once.

JOHNNY (*solemnly*). Think of that, Lottie!

JESSIE. And go up and down sticks like that, Daddy?

GRAY. Yes, my dear; but I must be a very degenerate monkey, for I'm sure I couldn't do it! Oh, here's the ark—I had a precious hard time to get one of them. They tell me a bishop has been writing a book against it, and since then it has gone out of fashion.

JESSIE. What a shame!

GRAY. Ah! all the toys are going out of date that used to amuse us when we were young. Where's your gun, Johnny?

JOHNNY. Here! (*points to JESSIE*) Shoot her, Daddy!

GRAY. Ah, this is a gun, if you like! (*shoots cork out*) Never misses fire! The same ammunition every time! (*shoots again*) Look at that! This makes no widows and orphans! Let Sir William Armstrong beat that if he can!

JOHNNY. Won't you play a game, Daddy?

PETER (*seated up L. by fire, with MRS. BELL seated*). Don't you bother Mr. Gray, I tell you!

GRAY. They don't bother me. I like it!

JESSIE. Let's play blindman's buff!

JOHNNY. } Oh, yes!

LOTTIE. }

JESSIE. And Daddy'll be blind man!

GRAY. Have it your own way.

JESSIE (*blinds GRAY with his handkerchief*). Can you see?

GRAY (*rises*). Not at all.

JESSIE. "How many horses has your father go in his stable?"

GRAY. He hasn't got any!

JESSIE. You must say "three."

GRAY. Three, then.

JESSIE. What color are they?

GRAY. I don't know. Yellow!

JESSIE. No! Black, white and grey!

GRAY. Black, white and grey!

JESSIE. "Then turn around three times and catch whom you may." (*turns GRAY around and pushes him to c. Business of the game.*)

GRAY. Now I have you! No I haven't! (*at last catches JESSIE*) Oh! (*kisses her; handkerchief taken off.*)

JOHNNY (*sulkily*). I shan't play any more. Whenever we play, Daddy always catches Jessie!

PETER (*smoking*). It is time they were off to school!

JOHNNY. I don't want to go to school.

PETER. Do you hear, sir?

GRAY (*attempts to soothe JOHNNY*). Come, go along like a good little man!

JOHNNY (*being pushed out D. in F. by JESSIE; to GRAY*). How would you like to go to school? (*Exeunt JOHNNY and LOTTIE D. in F.*)

PETER. What do you say to have a pipe, Mr. Gray?

[*Exit MRS. GRAY, R. D.*]

GRAY. Well, I don't mind if I do have one, Peter. (*up L.*)

PETER. Jessie, can you find a pipe for Mr. Gray?

JESSIE. Oh, yes! I kept a nice new one for Daddy. Here it is! (*at fireplace; GRAY seated in arm-chair*) Oh, there's no wax on it. However, I know how to put it on. (*voices end of pipe*) Shall I light it for you?

GRAY. Do my dear. (*smokes.*)

JESSIE (*a little down L.*) I do so like a pipe!

GRAY (*surprised*). You, Jessie, like a pipe?

JESSIE. Yes. I like it because it comforts father so!

PETER. Bless you, my girl, bless you!

JESSIE. Now, I'll go and help mother make the beds.

[*Exit R. 1 E., singing to herself.*]

PETER (*smoking*). A handy girl, that!

GRAY. And will make a treasure of a wife, Peter, to some young fellow who won't appreciate her.

PETER. I shouldn't wonder!

GRAY. Well, Peter, how are things going on with you?

PETER. From bad to worse. Not a chance of earning a penny.

GRAY. Have you tried the new Iron Works?

PETER. Yes, and everywhere. A poor man with a family has no right to be proud, and I offered to break stones for the roads, and couldn't get a job even at that!

GRAY. It's a long lane that has no turning. Just now trade is bad.

PETER. So I am told at every hand. I am in debt—in every man's debt—in your debt, and I can't get a chance to work it out. Mr. Gray, I'm a ruined man, just.

GRAY. Don't say that. While there's life there's hope!

PETER. I wish I could see it.

GRAY. It's a long lane that has no turning. Times will mend.

PETER. And while they're mending, the poor man's heart is breaking.

GRAY. I think I can see a way out of it.

PETER. You have only to name it!

GRAY. Perhaps you would not like it. (*rises.*)

Enter, R. 1 E., going up to window, JESSIE.

GRAY. Suppose we take a stroll in the garden, when I will tell you what I propose. (*he and PETER go off L. 1 E. D.*)

JESSIE (*aside*). Here he comes, I saw him from the window!

Enter, L. U. E., and on by D. in F., very dejectedly, HARRY, down R.

JESSIE. Oh, Harry, we have been having such fun! Daddy Gray was here, and brought us such a lot of things—monkeys, and Noah's arks for Lottie, and pistols for Johnny, and, look! such a nice bunch of flowers for me!

HARRY (*listlessly*). It's very kind of him!

JESSIE. Isn't it? he's so good. Why, Harry, what's the matter?

HARRY. I've just seen Mr. Travers. It seems I can't have my money yet. There'll probably be an inquiry about the mill.

JESSIE. But you will be paid some time, Harry?

HARRY. Oh, I hope so. But if they make any dispute as to the amount of the property, or put me to law expenses, it will be a long time before I will be myself again.

JESSIE. It's very hard on you, Harry, but I would wait!

HARRY. But to *you*? I'm afraid, then, I'd have to give good-bye to the cottage—the gilded cage of my darling.

JESSIE (*cheerful y*). Then the little bird would be content with a plain one like Dickey's there! (*beside HARRY in front of table.*)

HARRY. I have had a sort of presentiment that something would go wrong. I may have to begin the world all over again!

JESSIE. Then I would begin it with you, and help with my pair of hands. Why, Harry, it was not the mill I fell in love with, but the miller! (*embraces HARRY.*)

HARRY. But what is a miller without a mill

JESSIE. A brave man, Harry, who will work to build up house and fortune again.

HARRY. Good girl! (*kisses her*) You've taken half the load off my heart. I'll go see the lawyer, and see if he won't relieve me of the other half. (*goes up R.*)

JESSIE. Harry!

HARRY. Well, Jessie?

JESSIE. Won't you have to pay the lawyer something—

HARRY. Oh, his fee?

JESSIE. And you're going off without paying me mine!

HARRY (*returning to kiss her*). Good-bye again. I'll come in to tell you all about it. [*Exit D. in F., and off L. U. R.*]

JESSIE (*up c*). Noble Harry! he is only troubled about me! and I am only distressed about him. (*knock D. in F.*) Come in!

Enter, D. in F. from R. U. L., KITTY.

KITTY. My dear! (*she and JESSIE embrace and come down.*)

JESSIE. Oh, Kitty! I am so glad to see you!

KITTY. You don't look so.

JESSIE. Harry has been here.

KITTY. Oh, and you have been having a few words? I don't see why that should sadden you. My Augustus and I often have a few words—and after them he always makes me a nice present, so that I often do it on purpose. He's come with me to-day, dear, because we have something to propose to you.

JESSIE. Is he here? Do bring him in.

KITTY. Oh, I wanted to prepare you. Not that there's anything un-presentable in him! Oh, no! nothing that a young lady could possibly object to, except his name which is Jinks! but then, Augustus being his first, more than compensates for that. His parents are highly respectable, too; his father is something eminent in the church—a vicar or a verger, I don't remember which. And though Augustus at present, occupies but a humble position in a lawyer's office, he tells me he has great prospects of a rise, and that every lawyer has a chance of becoming Lord Chancellor!

JESSIE. Oh! I so long to see him!

KITTY. I thought it best to prepare you, for he's got his wedding-clothes on.

JESSIE. Wedding-clothes?

KITTY. Oh, it's not come off yet. But you see, last Saturday, he ordered them to be made, and now he is wearing himself into them. So they are new—and, of course, he is nervous, and, between you and me, he feels rather foolish in them.

JESSIE. Do show him in!

KITTY. Now mind, please, you won't laugh at his hat—his white hat—it's new, too.

JESSIE. No! (*goes a little up L. c.*)

KITTY (*goes up to D. in F., opens it, calls off*). Come in, Augustus! Come in, dear!

Enter JINKS, D. in F., and comes down R., hat on, very embarrassed, KITTY touches her bonnet, JINKS starts and takes off his hat to JESSIE.

KITTY. Miss Bell, permit me, Mr. Jinks! Mr. Jinks, Miss Jessie Bell!

JINKS (*in distress with his hat*). I'm delighted to make your acquaintance

KITTY (*aside to JESSIE*). Quite the gentleman, ain't he?

JINKS. I—I hope your family are quite well?

JESSIE. Quite, sir.

KITTY (*to JESSIE, aside*). Polite, ain't he?

JINKS. I hope, miss, you'll call me Augustus. Not that I'm ashamed of my name, Jinks, but it sounds more friendly like, and we must be friends.

KITTY (*to JESSIE*). Sociable, too! (*aloud*) Augustus, dear, show Jessie the wedding ring you bought for me.

JINKS (*produces ring*). Here it is, miss. I gave nine bob for it—I mean nine shillings—it's nine carrots fine! a bob—I mean, a shilling a carrot! dear as vegetables, cheap as gold.

KITTY. Isn't it a beauty? (*returns ring to JINKS—to JINKS*) Ain't you going to put your hat down, Augustus? (*takes hat, followed by JINKS to table, and slips it down roughly.*)

JINKS. What are you doing?

KITTY. Now, Augustus!

JINKS. You let my hat alone.

KITTY. You ain't a-going to quarrel about that.

JINKS. You needn't call attention to my hat. It is quite capable of calling attention to itself alone!

KITTY. Now, don't be cross, Augustus! Let's kiss and be friends.

JINKS. I ain't cross. (*they kiss*) Only don't you do it again!*

KITTY (*to JESSIE*). So amiable, isn't he? (*to JINKS*) Show Jessie your embroidered shirt-front. (*puts open JINK's coat, after resistance.*)

JINKS. I ain't a transformation scene!

KITTY. Now, don't be cross. Jessie is a friend!

JINKS. "The Free List it is Entirely Suspended!" (*buttons his coat up indignantly.*)

KITTY. Well, Jessie, we've come to propose you and Harry, and Augustus and I should all be married the same day——

JINKS. In the same church——

KITTY. By the same parson——

JINKS. And club together for the wedding-breakfast!

KITTY. Augustus is not rich yet—not so well off as your miller—and can only afford one fly; but with your two, that——

JINKS (*half singing*). Three blue-bottled flies!

KITTY (*to JESSIE*). That's only his nonsense! It will wear off with the nap of his new clothes and the gloss of his new hat. So, what do you say, is it going to come off this day three weeks?

JESSIE (*sully*). I am afraid—I mean—I don't know when ours will be.

KITTY. Oh, my dear!

JESSIE. Harry, you see, is in some trouble about the mill, and till that's settled, and we don't know when, nothing can be done.

KITTY. I'm so sorry! And I've bought my bonnet, and veil, and the white kid boots! I should like to wait, but—I am afraid I couldn't. Augustus, could you? (*JINKS screws up his face in distaste*) My dear, he couldn't! I read it in his eyes. I'm afraid—I wish I hadn't bought those kid boots! I've sat up at night with the candle burning on purpose to admire them on the table—I shan't be happy till I have worn them!

*JESSIE. Wear them—don't mind me, and be happy!

JINKS.
R. C.

KITTY.
C.

JESSIE.
L. C.

KITTY. But it's really so unkind! Oh, I wish I hadn't bought these boots!

JINKS (*hat in hand*). It's time to go, Kitty!

KITTY. He's so eager—we're going to put up the banns. It must be done three times! We shall have to wait three weeks before we are married!

JINKS. Two weeks! There are three Sundays to the two weeks.

KITTY. So there is! (*to JESSIE*) Isn't he anxious?

JINKS. Good-bye, Miss Bell! I have the honor— (*goes up R*)

KITTY. Good-bye, dear! I'm so sorry! I wish I hadn't bought those—good-bye! I'm coming, Augustus! Good-bye, dear! (*business of her and JINKS trying to go out of D. in F. at the same time.*)

JESSIE (*alone*). How happy she is! (*up c., behind table, falls into chair at it, and lets her head sink on her arms, sobbing*) And I! (*face hid.*)

Enter, L. I. E. D., PETER.

PETER. Jessie, what are you doing there? What are you crying about?

JESSIE (*rises*). Nothing! only Kitty has been here with her sweetheart, and they are going to be married.

PETER. There is nothing in that to cry about!

JESSIE. No! But Harry was here, and he is in trouble about the mill.

PETER. In trouble?

GRAY enters L. I. E. MRS. BELL enters R. I. E. and goes up L.

JESSIE. Yes. The insurance company won't pay the money; but they can be made to pay, can't they, Daddy? (*GRAY comes closer to her.*)

GRAY. Certainly, my dear.*

Enter, D. in F., TRAVERS, down R.

TRAVERS. I am sorry to be the bearer of bad news!

MRS. BELL

PETER } (*together*). Bad news!

GRAY }

JESSIE. Bad news! Is it about Harry?

GRAY. What do you mean?

TRAVERS. There's no use beating about the bush. Mr. Harry Garden has been arrested—

JESSIE. On what charge?

TRAVERS. Arson—that of burning down his mill!

JESSIE. That is false!

TRAVERS. I am sure of it! Only the charge is made, and must be rebutted!

JESSIE (*half aside*). Arson! My Harry accused of such a crime. Oh, they can't believe it! No one can believe that! You don't believe it! (*to GRAY, in whose arms she is*)† Tell me! oh, say you don't believe it!

GRAY. No, no, my child, I don't believe it!

JESSIE. Thanks, Daddy!

GRAY (*with an effort*). They can't prove it!

JESSIE. But they've arrested him—they'll put him in prison!

PETER. R. C.	JESSIE. C.	GRAY. L. C.	MRS. BELL. up L.
TRAVERS. R.	JESSIE. GRAY. :	MR. and MRS. BELL. up L.	

GRAY. No! I don't think they can do that, my dear.

JESSIE (*sobbing*). Oh! if they do, I shall die!

GRAY (*face expresses all the shades of emotion of one loving a girl who is so plainly showing her love for another, and his speech is made with exertion*). Don't cry about it—don't take on so! You have parents to console you; you have your father and your mother, (*pause*; JESSIE *clinging to him*) and I—I love you.

JESSIE (*clings still more closely to him*). I know you do, Daddy!

GRAY. Yes, I mean what I say, Jessie. Jessie, I love you, Jessie!

JESSIE (*looks up, amazed, and then understands*). Mr. Gray! (*slowly shrinks from embrace*) Mr. Gray! (*a step away*) Don't say that like that! (*receding to C., while GRAY goes a little L. C.*) Go! (*MRS. BELL goes around table and comes down R. GRAY slowly recedes to L. D. and goes out.*)

JESSIE. Oh! mother. (*falls into MRS. BELL's arms*) What does all this mean? (*TRAVERS, up R., converses with PETER, animatedly.*)

MRS. B. It means, Jessie, that Mr. Gray wants you to be his wife. He dearly loves you. [*Exit TRAVERS, D. in R.*]

JESSIE. As a father?

MRS. B. He has been more than a father to you—us all.

JESSIE. What do you mean?

MRS. B. It is time you should know all. For a long time father has been out of work.

PETER (*coming down L. C.*). I haven't done a stroke.

MRS. B. But for Mr. Gray we would not have this roof over our heads. And more, when you were ill so long, and we could not have done anything for you, you yet wanted for nothing. The soups, the jellies, the wine—Mr. Gray sent them. The Doctor's bill—he paid it.

PETER. When I did get work, the strike came on, and I was not let do it, but I did find work though—

JESSIE. Mr. Gray gave it you? (*PETER nods*) I see, you—we all owe a great debt to Mr. Gray. It must be paid. Where is our creditor?

PETER *brings GRAY in L. I E. D. JESSIE is about to go to GRAY, when HARRY is led by two POLICEMEN from L. U. E. to window.*

JESSIE (*screams*). Oh! (*rushes up to window*) Harry! Harry! Harry! (*falls forward, hands on window sill. All form picture*)

POLICEMAN.

HARRY.

POLICEMAN.

MRS. BELL.

JESSIE.

PETER.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—LAWYER'S office, *discovering MR. TRAVERS at table, JINKS at desk, both writing.*

TRAVERS. Have you finished that letter yet, Mr. Jinks?

JINKS. Yes, sir.

TRAVERS. Bring it to me. (*JINKS takes letter to table. TRAVERS reads*

α) See that all these letters are posted. I am going out. If anybody wants to see me on particular business, say that I am in the court. (*rises*) I expect that Garden's case will occupy all the day.

JINKS. Poor young man! I hope he will get off!

TRAVERS. As a lawyer's clerk, you have no business to hope any such thing! It is not of the slightest consequence to a lawyer whether a prisoner is innocent or guilty. His business is to condemn him or acquit him.

JINKS. But Mr. Garden's a friend of mine. We were both going to be married the same day. Only he wasn't, and I was!

TRAVERS. All the better for him, and all the worse for you. You'll be having a family, and wanting a rise in salary because of the enhanced price of provisions. There's another thing I wanted to speak to you about. Don't you come to business any more in that absurd white hat! (*puts on his hat, and stuffs papers in his pocket*) I don't permit myself such luxuries as a wife. I wonder what the profession is coming to!—lawyers' clerks with a wife and a white hat! [*Exit L. D.*]

JINKS (*alone*). He's wedded to the law, and his children are threatening letters. This makes the eighth I have written to-day. After that avalancho of misery for my fellow-beings, perhaps I may be permitted to have a lunch. (*to desk, mounting stool*) What is it to-day? (*opens desk*) A saveloy, with a plated fork and a slip of wall-flower in an old ink bottle it becomes a *déjeuner à la Russe ou à la fourchette*! No matter how humble a repast, as long as it is elegantly served! (*knock L. D., vexed*) Come in!

FIRST MAN (*shows his head L. D. humbly*). Is Mr. Travers in?

JINKS. No!

FIRST MAN (*meekly*). I'll look in again to-morrow!

[*Exit.*]

JINKS. Don't trouble yourself. That's one of the distressed defendants. He had his "Sir, unless" a week ago. After that bitter pill let us return to— (*to himself, left hand offering to the right*) "*Moutarde?*" "*si vous plait!*" Chateau Margaux? (*drinks from the pewter pot. Knock, L. D.*) This is too bad! I can only afford one saveloy for lunch, and am not allowed to eat that. (*knock, L. D., louder*) Come in! (*aside*) and be hanged to you!

SECOND MAN (*shows his head in L. doorway; he is a lawyer's clerk*). Mr. Travers in?

JINKS. No! Do you want him very particularly?

SECOND MAN. Yes.

JINKS. You'll find him in the court, then.

SECOND MAN. Thank you!

[*Exit.*]

JINKS (*mouth full*). A case of *ca sa!* eh? That's a pun, or at all events, sounds like one! and that's much the same thing. And now to approach the saveloy once more! I wonder who invented the saveloy! Any how, his invention combines economy with luxury on a scale which merits him the gratitude of pinched humanity, and, especially that portion appertaining thereto which are known as lawyers' clerks. The saveloy! saveloy! sav-e-loy! What's the derivation of the word? Saveloy—*sauv-la-loi!* save the law! that's it! the sav-e-loy-ation of lawyers' clerks! (*tonid knock, L. D.*) There they are again! (*closes desk-lid; knock, L. D.*) Come in! (*knock repeated; JINKS gets down from stool, fiercely*) Come in, confound you! (*knock, L. D.*) Can't you hear! I'll have to open the door myself. (*opens L. D.*)

Enter, KITTY, L. D.

Oh, Kitty, why didn't you come in?

KITTY. You frightened me so, Augustus! (*to c.*)

JINKS. I didn't know it was you there.

KITTY. You spoke so harshly.

JINKS. I was vexed. I was having my lunch.

KITTY. What have you got? I have been in the court with Jessie, and I feel so faint.

JINKS. Only a saveloy!

KITTY. I could eat a bit, do you know.

JINKS. Right! Do you remember the vows we plighted at the altar? For better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, we will share our last—saveloy!

KITTY. Where is it?

JINKS. (*opens desk*). In this desk.

KITTY. How do you get at it?

JINKS. Mount this stool. (*assists KITTY to climb on stool*) Imagine it a horse. Put your foot in the stirrup.

KITTY. How nice! Getting up so high gives one quite an appetite. (*knife and fork in hand*.)

JINKS. (*R. side of desk, in front of it*). The seasoning of the saveloy will be found equally high!

KITTY. (*mouth full*). I am afraid I am robbing you.

JINKS. Not at all, my dear, not at all! There are plenty more (*aside*) in the shop. Don't spare the Chateau Margaux! (*offers pewter pot*.)

KITTY. It's as good as a picnic!

JINKS. So you have been in the court?

KITTY. With Jessie, poor girl! She is taking on so about Harry. I tried to get her to come out for a mouthful of (*eating*) fresh air, but she wouldn't leave the hall. They can't prove anything against him, can they? Do you think he'll get off?

JINKS. You ask me two questions in one breath. He may be innocent and yet not get off!

KITTY. An innocent man be punished for what he didn't do?

JINKS. He might in law.

KITTY. Is that justice?

JINKS. No! It's law! a different thing altogether.

KITTY. I won't believe it. Oh, it would be a dreadful thing for poor Jessie. It would break her heart.

JINKS. Tell me, Kitty, suppose I should be guilty of some great crime—suppose, say I should commit forgery, or swindle old Travers—though I'd have to get up pretty early in the morning to do *that*!—would you love me all the same?

KITTY. I hope you're not a robber, Augustus!

JINKS. Would you forgive me?

KITTY. There's only one thing a woman never forgives!

JINKS. What's that?

KITTY. Her lover loving any one else.

JINKS. Oh, I knew that!

KITTY. (*shakes the fork, with bit of sausage on end at him*). And mind you observe it.

Enter, L. D., TRAVERS, amazed at seeing KITTY on stool.

TRAVERS. What's the meaning of all this? Who is that woman! (*L.*)

KITTY. (*enraged*). Woman! Augustus take me down off of this! How dare you—take me down! (*is assisted down by JINKS—to TRAVERS*) I am Augustus' lawful, wedded wife! (*to JINKS*) Why didn't you help me down at first?

TRAVERS. Oh! In that case you have too much law and virtuous indignation on your side for me to tackle you. I will only say that lawyers don't have their wives come to visit them in their offices.

KITTY. Oh! (*crosses to L.*) but they have other ladies come to see them in their offices. I dare say I am much too respectable to be welcome here. Good-day! (*aside*) old six-and-eightpence! [*Exit L. D.*]

TRAVERS (*marches up to JINKS, who recedes before him*). You are a young married man, and I must give you a little advice! Don't you ever let your wife interfere with you in business—or in pleasure, either, for that matter. (*crosses up to table, L.*) And now then—(*seated*) those letters are not off. At the same time (*JINKS comes L. to get his hat off peg on L. set*) take this memorandum into court (*JINKS puts on hat, takes papers and letters*) And mind what I told you about that absurd white hat.

JINKS (*false exit L. D., returns*). Mr. Gray is here, sir.

TRAVERS. Mr. Gray? Show him in.

JINKS *ushers GRAY in, L. D., and then goes off himself, same.* GRAY *enters L. D. to L. C., beside table.*

GRAY. Well, Mr. Travers, how about this young man—this Harry—Mr. Garden—do you think you will get him off?

TRAVERS (*watching GRAY narrowly over his spectacles*). The evidence is very clear.

GRAY. I hope he will get free.

TRAVERS. No you don't.

GRAY. What do you say?

TRAVERS. That you do not hope he will get off.

GRAY. What do you mean?

TRAVERS. What I say. You are a bad man, Mr. Gray. You are generous enough in your endeavors to release this young man, but in your heart you hope he will not get off.

GRAY. Well, be it so. She loves me more than you may think for. What reasons are there that I should not love her?

TRAVERS. I know no reason that you should not love her, but there are many why she should not love you.

GRAY. What are they?

TRAVERS. If I mention one, we may dispense with the rest. Young hearts naturally prefer congeners, and hearts are trumps, you know!

GRAY (*crosses to R. front, and returns to table, annoyed*). Hearts are sycophants, and tell us whatever we want to believe. Pah! that's the cant of the world.

TRAVERS. But the young man's love is the strongest for her.

GRAY. No, Mr. Travers, my love for that young girl is such as no young man could feel. I passed through much of life, and was becoming a hollow tree in my solitude, when my passion for her grew up, a new soul within me—she's part of my existence!

TRAVERS. But she has known him from a child, and her tendencies are naturally towards him.

GRAY. That's because young girls don't know what's good for them! Young girls are fools—they fall in love with white teeth, handsome faces, and bushy whiskers. I ask you, how long do such illusions last, generally?

TRAVERS. Well, generally but a very short time.

GRAY. The handsome young man becomes tired of his pretty toy and breaks it. In young hearts, love withers—in the hearts of the old it grows!

TRAVERS (*shakes his head*). Ah, Mr. Gray! (*puttingly*.)

GRAY (*testily*). Why do you shake your head at me in that way? Is there anything in my conduct not that of an honorable man? If they have a home still around their heads, it is to me they owe it! Is that

the act of a bad man? When she came to me and asked me to do my best to get that young man free and promised to be mine if he should be found guilty, did not I undertake his defence? Is that the act of a bad man? You have the case in your hands, you best know whether I have spared anything to lead to his release. Is that the act of a bad man? Don't be too hard on me! You know what I mean.

TRAVERS. You try to have him found innocent, but you think he will be proven guilty.

GRAY. Why? because I believe this young man (*strikes table with his hand*) is not a good young man. I want to save her from him. (*walks to and fro in agitation*) I want to do my duty to her, and I won't have you or any one say I am a bad man! (*change of tone to milder one*) There, don't think ill of me. I—I know she loves me!

TRAVERS. As a father!

GRAY. Why is that? I am not so very old. I am not sixty, a little more or less, then. And you would say fifty is the prime of life. I am a little more. And if I am old, I shall die the sooner, and leave her a widow. Let me have her, let her love me, only a little while, and if she wants me to die, I would do it—readily! (*nearly in tears.*)

TRAVERS. Ha! hum! I should have thought your heart was a bundle of dry sticks by this time!

GRAY. Mr. Travers, dry sticks burn fiercely.

TRAVERS. And soon burn out.

GRAY. Long enough for me. I don't want you to think me a bad man—you don't—you can't think that of me. I haven't a wrong thought for any man! so get him off, if any means will do it! I only ask to have her somewhere as my wife! [*Exit L. D.*]

TRAVERS. That old man is trying to serve the devil and duty at the same time. Poor old boy!

JINKS enters, L. D.

What now?

JINKS. Miss Bell, sir.

TRAVERS. Bell? Bell?

JINKS. The young woman who—

TRAVERS. Oh, yes; show her in.

JINKS. She has been here some time, but waited until Mr. Gray had gone.

TRAVERS. Ah! wished to avoid him? (JINKS nods. Aside) And this is her love for him! (*aloud*) Show her in.

JINKS ushers in JESSIE, and goes out L. D.

TRAVERS. Take a chair. What can I do for you my dear?

JESSIE (*standing*). I beg pardon for troubling you, but I am tired of waiting in the court. You are the solicitor for Harry Garden?

TRAVERS. Yes, I have been instructed by Mr. Gray, who has hung back from no expense on his behalf.

JESSIE. Mr. Gray is good and kind. But do you think he knows all about the case?

TRAVERS. Though Mr. Gray chose me, I received my full instructions from the prisoner—I mean Mr. Garden himself.

JESSIE. I have been watching the jury till my heart was like to break. But their faces are so cold! I could read nothing on them. Do you think he will get off?

TRAVERS. I don't know. You can tell nothing by them. The evidence is strong against him.

JESSIE (*excitedly*). They will find him guilty—they will take him away from me.

TRAVERS. No, no! they haven't yet given in their verdict.

JESSIE. Oh! I know they will. Tell me, what will they do to him!

TRAVERS. He is not yet found guilty, and may not be.

JESSIE. It is kind of you to *say* that, but you don't think it. If he is brought in guilty, what will the sentence be?

TRAVERS. If—if—transportation.

JESSIE. Transportation! Ah! for how long?

TRAVERS. Not more than—seven years.

JESSIE (*claps hands*). Seven years! longer than my heart's life! Tell me, can I go to him? No! If I should commit a crime like his, would they send me to him—near him? Is there no hope—no hope? (*about to throw herself at TRAVERS' feet, but he prevents her.*)

TRAVERS. Yes! He is not yet found guilty. Mr. Gray has engaged the most eminent counsel at the bar, and I understand that he made a great impression in his speech for the defence.

JESSIE. Mr. Gray! I shall never be able to repay him for his goodness.

TRAVERS (*aside*). Goodness! Poor old man! (*knock, L. D.*)

Enter JINKS.

JINKS. Mr. Drudge, sir.

TRAVERS. Show him in. (*to JESSIE*) This is the junior in the case. We will have the latest news. Mr. Jinks! (*JINKS has stood in the L. doorway without going out*) This young lady will retire into the other room. (*JESSIE and JINKS go R.*)

JINKS (*aside to JESSIE*). Cheer up, miss. Our pleader has been making a great speech. [*Exit with JESSIE, R. D.*]

Enter, L. D., loungingly, MR. DRUDGE, around table to L. C., by it.

TRAVERS. Well, Mr. Drudge?

DRUDGE. Well, Mr. Travers, the jury have retired, and keep in a long while. He gave them something to think of. A fine speech, especially considering he only had a night to look at it.

TRAVERS. A night? I gave him the papers weeks ago.

DRUDGE. Ah, yes! But he has had so much to do—parties, operas, suppers, you know? I "coached" him.

TRAVERS. Do you call this fair? Pocket the fees, and then neglect your client's interests.

DRUDGE. Oh, it's all your fault.

TRAVERS. What do you mean?

DRUDGE. I don't mean yours individually, but the fault of your profession. You overwhelm a few who are at the head, and they can't refuse you.

TRAVERS. What would you have us do?

DRUDGE. Employ the juniors.

TRAVERS. And have them become the leaders in their turn, and be just the same. Ah, Mr. Drudge, it's the same all the world over; no man does his duty unless he has a master to look over him.

DRUDGE. Any way, I wish I had had the conduct of the case. Why, he's overlooked the most important point in it all.

JESSIE enters, R. D., unnoticed, and comes slowly L.

TRAVERS. What's that?

DRUDGE. The half-witted boy, William, who is known to have a grudge

against the prisoner, was seen loitering about the place just before the fire broke out. If that fact had been properly brought out, no jury would convict. I am sure the man is innocent.

JESSIE (*coming to L. c.*). I know he is! (TRAVERS *rises, L.*; DRUDGE, C. R. *of JESSIE, who appeals to him*)

JESSIE. Oh, sir, go into court and say what you have just said to him. (*wave of hand towards TRAVERS*) Do it! Save him, oh, save him! (*falls on knees to DRUDGE. Scene closes in, quick.*)

SCENE II.—*Garden wall on 1st yew: c.*

Enter, L., crossing, MR. and MRS. BELL.

PETER (*looking off R.*). The imprisonment of that young man is weighing sorely on her heart.

MRS. B. Yes. I persuaded her to leave the court for a while. The verdict will soon be rendered.

PETER. In only one way will it restore her peace. I am much puzzled in this matter. Looking at it one way, all seems right; looking at it another, it seems wrong to sell our child.

MRS. B. Sell, Peter?

PETER. That is the word I fancy is whispered to me.

MRS. B. You forget Jessie is our child, and we must do our duty by her. She is young to choose, and I am sure Mr. Gray is irreproachable in his goodness.

PETER. If he were not so kind I should be angry with him.

MRS. B. That would be very wrong of us, Peter, after all he has done for us and her.

PETER. She has set her heart on Harry.

MRS. B. I don't know about that. She has loved Mr. Gray since a child—she loves him more than you think for. And, besides, we could not let our darling marry a man who is a criminal.

PETER. He may be acquitted.

MRS. B. He will then be a young man without prospects.

PETER. Poor Harry! (*going R.*)

MRS. B. (*going R.*). We have had our troubles, Peter.

PETER. And I am afraid they have hardened our hearts!

[*Exit R., with MRS. B. on his arm.*]

Enter, L., KITTY and JINKS, quarrelling as they come on.

JINKS. Don't take my arm, Kitty. I won't have it.

KITTY. Don't be cross about it!

JINKS. I am not cross.

KITTY. Yes you are.

JINKS. I am not.

KITTY. Then let me take your arm.

JINKS. No lawyer permits a woman to take his arm in the precinct of the court.

KITTY. That's all nonsense! I saw some ladies in the court this day, and, on asking, they told me they were the wife and children of the judge.

JINKS. That's another matter. Wait till I'm a judge, Kitty!

KITTY. I'm afraid I shall have to wait a long time.

JINKS. I don't know about that! I've got my articles.

KITTY. Your articles! Pray, what are your articles?

JINKS. Articles are—so to speak—a—a—I mean—

KITTY (*laughs*). By that I should say they were very *indefinite* articles!

JINKS. Quite a wit! ha, ha! Well, my dear, a lawyer's clerk's articles are much the same thing as an apprentice's indentures.

KITTY (*shocked*). An apprentice! Are you only an apprentice, Augustus? If I had known that I never would have married you!

JINKS. What a pity!

KITTY. Why, you told me that one day you would be Lord Chancellor.

JINKS. No! I didn't say *would*—I said *might*! The law is a noble profession, and I have risen by it. I have already attained to the dignity of the Blue Bag!

KITTY. Pooh! any washerwoman could say that!

JINKS. Kitty, or, more solemnly, Catharine! you may knag the married man as much as you like at home, but respect the lawyer in the precincts of the court! (*comic attitude, bag held out.*)

KITTY. Don't quarrel. Let's kiss and be friends.

JINKS. What would be said to a lawyer's clerk being seen kissing a woman in the precincts of the court?

KITTY. But I am your wife.

JINKS. That makes no difference. They'd strike me off the rolls.

KITTY. Who would?

JINKS. In my case, the baker. I should lose my situation!

KITTY. But I only want you to take me into court.

JINKS. Very well, but don't take my arm. Restrain your feelings and wait till we get home! [*Exit R., followed by KITTY.*]

Scene changes to

SCENE III.—*Court arches and street, discovering WILLIAM THOMSON, a plough boy R. BYSTANDERS R. and L. up, LAWYERS with papers. LAWYERS come down to R. front, and retire to back, slowly.*

Enter, R., KITTY and JINKS to L.

KITTY. What are they all waiting for?

JINKS. Waiting for the verdict.

USHER enters L.

USHER. William Thomson, come into court.

WILLIAM. Here I bees, zur!

USHER. Come into court then! (*WILLIAM crosses, USHER bundles him off L. D. by the neck.*)

JINKS. The jury have retired.

KITTY. Retire!

JINKS. To consider the verdict.

KITTY. Oh! (*looks up c.*) Here comes Jessie.

Enter, R. U. E., and by C., JESSIE, MR. and MRS. BELL. JESSIE and MRS. BELL to bench, R.

KITTY. How dreadful she looks over it. I hope they'll clear him.

JINKS. Impossible to say till the jury return.

Enter, L. D. to c., MR. TRAVERS, whom JESSIE, rising, meets at c.

JESSIE. Well, sir?

TRAVERS. I can tell nothing yet.

GRAY *enters c.*

JESSIE (*to him*). Oh, Daddy, haven't you a good word for me?

TRAVERS. Everything has been done that could be done. The rest is in other hands. [*Exit L. D.*]

GRAY (*to JESSIE*). * Mr. Travers says that the jury being so long considering their verdict is a good sign. (*aside*) I will do my duty. (*aloud*) Don't despair!

JESSIE. Do you despair, Mr. Gray?

GRAY. No, no! my dear.

JESSIE. You are so good!

GRAY. Don't cry so! It will all be well. (*goes to L. to JINKS*) I've done all I could, Mr. Jinks! (*shakes JINKS' hand.*)

KITTY. You have acted nobly, sir.

GRAY. Thank you. (*goes up c.*)

PETER (*comes to c.*). You have done your duty, Mr. Gray. (*shakes hands with GRAY, returns to R.*)

GRAY (*c., aside*). Her father says I have done my duty! nobody can say a word after that! (*up c.*)

KITTY. Augustus, why do the barristers wear those absurd white wigs?

JINKS. Why do the ladies wear those absurd *chignons*?

KITTY. Because it's the fashion.

JINKS. It's the fashion with barristers to wear white wigs.

(*Voice off L.*) Stand aside there for the gentlemen of the jury to pass. (*JESSIE comes more c.*)

JINKS (*to KITTY*). We will have it now.

KITTY. Look at poor Jessie.

GRAY *enters L. D., agitated.*

JESSIE (*to him, eagerly*). Daddy, they haven't said the worst? (*clings to him.*)

GRAY. Not yet—nothing yet, poor heart! I—I don't think they will!

KITTY (*aside*). I could kiss him, the dear old man.

JINKS. You are always wanting to kiss somebody or other, Catharine!

*Enter, L., TRAVERS, afraid to face JESSIE, who rushes to him, c.**

JESSIE. Oh! you need not speak, I see it in you face! They have found him guilty.

(*Voice of USHER. L.*) Stand aside there!

MRS. BELL.	PETER.	JESSIE.	GRAY.	JINKS.	KITTY.
R.			C.		L. C.
MRS. BELL.	PETER.	JESSIE.	TRAVERS.	GRAY.	KITTY.
					JINKS.
	R. C.		C.	L. C.	L.

Enter, L. D., crossing to R., GARDEN, between two Policemen.

JESSIE. Oh! don't take him away, don't! (*repeats "don't" till her voice is indistinct with sobs, clings to HARRY.*)

All form picture. Music.

POLICE.

* * *

BYSTANDERS.

* * *

*HARRY.

*GRAY.

*USHER.

*JESSIE.

*TRAVERS.

*MRS. BELL.

*KITTY.

*PETER.

*JINKS.

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Garden before the cottage; lively music, to which JOHNNY and LOTTIE are dancing, R., accompanied by butchers, R. 2 E., with cleavers and bones.*

GRAY *enters from cottage L.; puts his hat on garden-seat, L.*

GRAY. There, that will do! Here's half a crown for you to go and drink my health; go to the public house and get drunk.

BUTCHERS (*take money*). Thank you kindly, sir! [*Exit R. 2 E.*]

GRAY. I think it hard that a man can't be married without being reminded of the butcher's bills he is likely to incur afterwards! (*to JOHNNY and LOTTIE*) Well, little ones?

JOHNNY. Well, Daddy!

GRAY. Oh, you mustn't call me Daddy any more.

JOHNNY. Why not, Daddy?

GRAY. Because I am going to be your brother, and Lottie's brother.

JOHNNY. Oh yes! mother says that when you marry Jessie, you'll be our brother. Won't that be funny?

[*Laughing, exit into cottage with LOTTIE.*]

GRAY. Won't that be funny? I don't see anything so funny about it.

Enter, R., POSTMAN with letter to R. C.

POSTMAN. A letter for you, sir.

GRAY. Ah! (*takes letter*) Here, postman, there's a shilling for you.

POSTMAN. Thank you, sir! I'll drink your health, and the health of your young bride! [*Exit R.*]

GRAY. "Young bride!" It's strange a man can't thank you for a present without a sneer! and on a wedding day. A little while, and, with Jessie by my side, they may laugh who may! And now, who's been writing to me! From—Portland! a letter enclosed within it. To Jessie! From Harry! (*reads*) "DEAR GOOD DADDY GRAY: Not knowing whether Jessie may be found at the same place, I enclose this to you. It is glorious news for us all. The boy William has been committed to this

prison on a charge of theft, and soon after his arrival he sent for the governor and confessed to him that he had been guilty of setting fire to, and burning down, my mill out of a spite against me. The governor has written to the Home Secretary, and expects at any instant my release. I know how glad this will make you; you who have been so good and kind to me and Jessie!" He's free! This was written four days ago. He may be here at any moment! Ah! Shall I give it to her? Shall Jessie know of it? In one word, shall I dash from my lips the only cup of sweetness that I have ever lifted to them in all my years! (*pause*) No! I will save her from this man! Soon we will be married; she must not know until the danger is passed! [*Exit hurriedly, R., prosecutum E.*]

Enter, R. U. E., MRS. BELL, JESSIE, and PETER to C.

MRS. B. Don't look so sad, my darling. It is not right towards Mr. Gray.

JESSIE. I will try not to be so, mother.

MRS. B. Don't let tears be shown on your face!

JESSIE. Don't think me ungrateful, nor disobedient. I mean to obey you, though it break my heart. I have given my word, and I will keep it. I am going to be his wife. If I am not all I should be under that name, I will be—for your sakes, for his—all I can!

MRS. B. Come in, dear, and rest. You are tired. (*leads JESSIE off L. into cottage.*)

PETER (*aside*) My mind misgives me.

[*Exit L. into cottage.*]

Enter, R. U. E., KITTY and JINKS; JINKS lounges down R. a little, leans against set wall, smoking.

KITTY (*down C.*). Augustus! Augh! how I can't bear that hateful smoke! A pipe to-day! Shame!

JINKS. It's not *my* wedding-day!

KITTY. I wish it was!

JINKS. Do you, Catharine?

KITTY. And I'd have you at the church door!

JINKS. I'd refuse to go with you so far.

KITTY. The idea of my coming to a wedding in plain muslin! It's all your fault! How I envy Jessie! She's going to marry a *ner, comfortable old man*. (*these words are to be made a "point," by peculiar delivery.*) Oh, dear!

JESSIE *enters L. from cottage.*

JESSIE. I thought I heard your voice. I am so glad you have come, Kitty.

KITTY. Then you don't look it. What! crying on your wedding-day? Ain't you happy?

JESSIE. Can you ask me?

KITTY. Oh! still thinking of Harry?

JESSIE. I am afraid I shall think of him, when to do so would be a crime!

KITTY. Mr. Gray is such a good and kind man.

JESSIE. It is just his kindness that makes me feel it worse. If he were unkind now——

KITTY. Oh, he loves you, and I am sure he will do all he can to make you happy.

JESSIE. Yes!

KITTY. You ought to be thankful. It don't fall to everybody's lot to

have such a nice, comfortable old man like Mr. Gray! (*points to JINKS in disgust*) There's a specimen of a young man! Oh, Jessie look at him! You can't think how I loved that man at first! Ah! I begin to think that the best lovers make the worst of husbands.

JESSIE. I shouldn't say that.

KITTY. I've had experience, my dear! Oh, I wish I had my time over again! Depend upon it, my dear, it is better to begin cool and warm up!

JESSIE. But suppose you shouldn't warm up after all?

KITTY. Then, dear, you are not subject to those variations of temperature which are so trying to the strongest constitution! I loved Augustus dearly, but now all his love is given to another——

JESSIE. Another!

KITTY. Yes, he thinks of nobody but that horrid pipe! But I wouldn't mind that if he had not lost his situation.

JESSIE. Oh, I am sorry to hear that.

KITTY. Yes, all because he would wear a white hat! Mr. Travers said it was unprofessional, and discharged him. And as Augustus would not part with the hat, he had to look about for some profession when it was available. Unhappily, there was nothing but betting.

JESSIE. I have heard that is a very bad trade!

KITTY. Oh, shocking! It's taking Augustus up all the time to London, and broken my heart with his ways.

JINKS. We are all liable to reverses of fortune.

KITTY. The Wheel of Fortune, you mean! You spend half your money and all your time in that low public house.

JINKS. No, my dear! I can spend all my money in half my time, and the Wheel of Fortune is not a low public house. The wines are neat, and the skittle ground is dry.

KITTY (*to JESSIE*). He's all the time getting something "on," and never by an possibility pulling it off!

JINKS. You forget, my dear, the Chester Cup. (*comes down R. c.*)

KITTY. A pretty thing *that* was.

JINKS. I won ten pounds!

KITTY (*to JESSIE*). And the party bolted and you never got the money.

JINKS. I had the right tip, though. (*cocks his hat over one eye, and walks up R. c. to lean on wall as before.*)

KITTY. You are always getting the right tip, but never making tip-pence by it! Oh, my dear, (*to JESSIE*) you have no idea of my trials. Think of marrying a man, and six months after, reading in the weekly newspapers, of his being taken up as an obstruction to the thoroughfare, with nothing found in his possession but a black-lead pencil and a (*crying*) mem—mem—memorandum-book!

JESSIE. Don't cry! (*arms around KITTY*) Why, here you were consoling me, and now I am consoling you!

KITTY (*sobbing*). And it's me that has need of consoling, and not you—that's going to marr—marr—marry a nice, comfortable old man, who'll give you everything you want!

JESSIE. Let us go indoors.

KITTY. Go indoors! Ah! you don't know what I have to endure! (*making a face at JINKS*) Ah ah! [*Exit L. into cottage with JESSIE.*]

JINKS. Ah! (*comes down R. c.*) I wonder what I ever married for! When I was a child, I hankered after plum-pudding, and when I gratified my wish, I was ill for weeks; when I was a boy I wanted to smoke; I smoked. It made me sick! And, arrived at man's estate, I aspired to a wife. I've got one, and she's made me miserable. Ah, here comes Mr. Gray! (*looking R.*) He is going to become a victim. Actually looks merry over it! Poor innocent!

GRAY enters R., proscenium E., with nosegay.

GRAY. Ah, Mr. Jinks, I am glad that you are come on this auspicious occasion; of course you have brought your wife? (*they shake hands.*)

JINKS (*mournfully*). Yes, she's in there with Jessie.

GRAY. Jessie will be glad to see her. But you don't wish me joy!

JINKS (*sorrowfully*). Mr. Gray, I wish you joy.

GRAY. You look as if you had come to a funeral.

JINKS. Mr. Gray, though old in years——

GRAY (*testily*). Confound it! what do you mean, sir?

JINKS. Mr. Gray, I meant no offence! Though old in years——

GRAY. But I am not old in years——

JINKS. You may pride yourself on your age.

GRAY. But I don't pride myself on my age.

JINKS. I say, if you were as old as Mathusalem!

GRAY. But I am not as old as Mathusalem!

JINKS. Don't interrupt. As long as a man has not been married, he can have no experience of the married state!

GRAY. Why, what experience have you had? You have only been married six months.

JINKS. During that short but by no means blissful period, I have had my views widened. Marriage I have found to be a sell! Make the most of pretty flowers while they are in bloom, flourish your white kid gloves while they are new! But, mark my words! The flowers will fade, (*goes over L.*) and the kid glove will bu'st. [*Exit L. into cottage.*]

GRAY (*alone, c.*) Oh, he's a fool! No, no, he isn't; he's right. Marriages are not so very happy when one giddy young person marries another giddy young person. But when the parties are suitably mated, it is quite another affair. (*cheerfully*) This wants a few more flowers for Jessie, and will be all right. Ah! (*stooping to pick flowers L.*) These blue-bells to set off the white. Blue-bells, in the language of flowers, they mean constancy. She will understand. Not that she requires any reminder of her duty. Oh! no.

Enter, R., during the above, HARRY GARDEN, to wall, R.

HARRY (*aside*). I should know that figure. Old Daddy Gray! What is he doing here? he didn't live here. (*enter, R., cautiously*) I'll give him an agreeable surprise. He'll be so glad to see me. (*puts his hands over GRAY'S eyes.*)

GRAY (*merrily*). Eh! who's the rogue? Not Johnny? Not the melancholy Mr. Jinks? Oh, I have it! It's Jessie! (*rises.*)

HARRY. You're not far off, Daddy. (*takes away his hands.*)

GRAY (*intensely amazed*). Ah! (*recoils a little down L. side.*)

HARRY. Why, Daddy, you seem surprised to see me. Didn't you get my letter? didn't you know a Harry?

GRAY. Is it Mr. Garden?

HARRY. Then you haven't heard of it—you didn't get my letter? I see how it is! My sudden appearance, when you thought me at the bottom of a dungeon, has quite astounded you.

GRAY. I knew nothing of it.

HARRY. Then Jessie don't know. I will go to her cottage and give her a surprise.

GRAY (*aside*). He don't know that she is here. The cottage is three miles off.

HARRY. But your air! your white gloves! the flowers. Ha, ha! they

told me you were going to be married in the village, but I didn't believe them. Well, Daddy, don't be embarrassed over it, because you have been a long time about it. Who's the happy bride? Is it the widow Watkins, fair, fat and forty? Or the Miss Scraggs, of the Berlin Wool Repository? There, there; I'll find out all about it from Jessie. (*goes up and over R.*) Good-bye, then! [*Exit R. U. E. laughing.*]

GRAY. Arrived! He is here! It will take him two hours to go there and back, and meanwhile, Jessie will be my wife.

Enter, L., from cottage, PETER.

PETER. Come, Mr. Gray, time is getting on, and Jessie is waiting only for you. [*Exit, L., into cottage.*]

GRAY. Yes, yes!

[*Exit into cottage, hastily, with his hat from garden-seat.*]

Enter, R. U. E., looking off R., HARRY.

HARRY. There's a fly coming up the road. It's evidently going to be a grand affair. I have a mind to stay to see it. By Jove! (*L. front*) here comes the bride. (*L. 1 E.*)

Enter, L., from cottage, JESSIE and KITTY to C.

KITTY. Oh, don't cry, my love!

HARRY (*aside*). She's not stout enough for the Widow Watkins, and not scraggy enough for Miss Scraggs. It's a rude thing, but, by Jove, I have a mind to peep! I will, too! (*goes to C. just as JESSIE lets her face fall*) Jessie!

JESSIE (*falls into HARRY's arms*). Harry! save me, save me!

KITTY (*up R.*). Fie! Oh! (*crosses to L., up*) Mr. Gray! Mr. Gray! [*Exit into cottage.*]

JESSIE. Are you free?

HARRY. Free and clear of stain.

JESSIE. Alas! I——

HARRY. Speak!

JESSIE. I could not help it. While you were away—I promised if you should be called guilty—I agreed to become his wife. Oh, don't be angry with me! don't be angry with him!

Enter, L., from cottage, GRAY, who leans up against porch pillar during following, and listens.

JESSIE. He is all goodness and kindness! He asked for my hand. I could give him it, but not my heart, which was yours, and is yours to the last. I feared you would never return to claim it!

HARRY (*sadly*). I see it all. You were going to be his wife. You owed him a great debt—so did I, for all he has done for me. I shall never, I fear, be able to repay it. Oh, (*young R.*) it were better I had died far away! (*R. front.*)

JESSIE. Oh, don't say that!

Enter, from cottage, MR. and MRS. BELL, KITTY, and MR. JINKS, down L., and LOTTIE and JOHNNY.

MRS. B. We are waiting for you, Jessie.

PETER. Where's the bridegroom?

GRAY (*crosses down to HARRY, takes his hand, leads him to c., and puts JESSIE'S hand in it*). The bridegroom is here!*

ALL. Oh!

KITTY (*to AUGUSTUS*). Oh! I should like to see the young man who would do *that*!

JESSIE } (*together*). Mr. Gray!

HARRY }
GRAY. Don't thank me! I am not so good as you think me!

JESSIE. Oh, yes, you *are* good, Daddy!

GRAY. No! I was a wicked old man, but my eyes were opened before it was too late. There! I give your hand where you have given your heart!

PETER (*to GRAY*). You've taken a load off my heart, Mr. Gray!

MRS. B. This is generous of you.

GRAY (*to JESSIE*). I am not going to lose all, though. You are the same still to me—only more, perhaps. I love you. You are dearer than life, dear as a child to me!

JESSIE. Your generous words bring all the old love back to my heart! (*embraces GRAY, who kisses her forehead.*)

KITTY. Ah, Augustus! I wish I knew some generous words that would bring back all your old love to me.

JINKS (*altered manner*). Kitty, I can't stand the influence any longer. Your words make me a changed man! Come to my arms! (*embraces KITTY.*)

GRAY. And now—— (*chimes on harmonicon*) Hark! They were to have rung for you and me! So they do ring for us. They are ringing the *old* Love out and the new Love in!

*LOTTIE. *JOHNNY.

PETER. *MRS. BELL. *GRAY. *JESSIE. *HARRY. *KITTY. *JINKS.

CURTAIN.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. E. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. E. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. E. Right Door in the Flat; L. C. E. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First Second or Third Groove.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

 The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

COSTUMES.

DADDY GRAY.—*Acts I. and II.*: Light blue double-breasted waistcoat, with brass buttons; a rather broad-brimmed old-fashioned hat, grey-coat, long-skirted; nankeen-colored trousers, grey neck-tie; iron-grey hair, small grey side whiskers. *Act III.*: Light trousers, dark claret coat, faced with black, and with black buttons; white vest, white hat.

HARRY GARDEN, a Miller.—Grey vest and coat, light breeches; gaiters, buttoned up to the knees; low-crowned black hat, side-whiskers and short-curl wig of light hair; striped shirt, with collar of same; blue neck-tie.

PETER BELL, a working-man.—Short goatee, short-curl wig; black cutaway coat, white collar, thick neck-cloth; velveteen waistcoat, with large bone buttons; light-colored corduroy trousers, hat. *Act III.*: In "best" clothes; light trousers, black coat, black hat, fancy flowered pattern waistcoat.

MR. TRAVERS, a Lawyer.—Black coat and vest, dark brown pants, black hat and gloves; grey wig, bald on top; eye-glass; spectacles for him, *Act I. Scene I.*

MR. DRUDGE.—Suit of black, black gown; horse-hair tie-wig, lawyer's band.

AUGUSTUS JINKS.—*Act I.*: New suit of drab coat, very dark red vest, watch-chain; plaid trousers, white silk hat; fancy embroidered shirt-front. *Act II.*: Light suit of cutaway coat, vest and pants, trimmed and edged at cuffs and pocket-holes with black braid; the white hat as before. *Scene II.*: With a blue bag. *Act III.*: Shabby, clothes of a "sporting" cut; long drab coat, with large buttons; dark vest, plaid pants, old white hat, with black band; matches, to light, in box, and pipe to smoke.

JOHNNY BELL.—*Act I.*: Cap, tunic and Knickerbockers; light grey stockings. *Act III.*: Knickerbockers, tunic and breeches of dark grey; black lappels on tunic; dark grey stockings; a large white rosette, with streamers, on left breast.

TWO POLICEMEN.—Helmet, coats, etc. See *Illustrated London Times or News* for full costume.

THREE BUTCHERS.—(*Act III.*).—Blue smock frocks, caps; all with white rosettes on left breast; marrow-bones and cleavers.

TWO OR THREE LAWYERS.—(*Act III.*).—Like Mr. Drudge.

TWO OR THREE MEN FOR BYSTANDERS.—(*Act III.*).—Dress immaterial.

A MILLER'S BOY.—Wide-awake, smock-frock, etc., all floured.

POSTMAN.—Uniform of dark blue, faced with scarlet; cap.

JESSIE BELL.—*Act I.*: White dress, white apron; no jewelry; hair rather plain. *Act II.*: Dark blue dress, black mantle, straw bonnet, trimmed with color to suit. *Act III.*: Bride's dress; white lace "square" mantle, white hat, with white lace "fall" and ribbon; gloves, etc.

KITTY CLATTERBY.—*Act I.*: Straw bonnet, dress of striped stuff; shawl. *Act II.*: Dress of thin striped stuff, bonnet, and black mantle. *Act III.*: Dress of white and blue striped muslin; white and blue bonnet.

MRS. BELL.—*Act I.*: Grey dress, white apron, with upper piece to the shoulders; white cap. *Act II.*: Dark dress and cloak; bonnet. *Act III.*: Dark dress, white cap.

LOTTIE, a Little Girl of Ten.—*Act I.*: Dark dress, blue pinafore and apron. *Act III.*: White dress.

SEVERAL GUESTS.—(For *Act III.*).—Ordinary walking dress.

BRIDESMAIDS.—As usual.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS (Continued).

No.	M. F.	No.	M. F.
144. Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 5 acts.	12 3	61. Plot and Passion, drama, 3 acts.	7 2
34. Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act.	3 2	138. Poll and Partner Joe, burlesque, 1 act.	10 3
137. L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts.	11 5	110. Poppleton's Predicaments, farce, 1 act.	3 6
111. Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts.	7 2	50. Porter's Knot, drama, 2 acts.	8 2
119. Life Chase, drama, 5 acts.	14 5	59. Post Boy, drama, 2 acts.	5 3
165. Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act.	3 2	95. Pretty Horse-Breaker, farce, 1 act.	3 10
48. Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act.	2 4	181 and 182. Queen Mary, drama, 4 acts.	38 8
32. Little Rebel, farce, 1 act.	4 3	157. Quite at Home, comedietta, 1 act.	5 2
164. Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.	6 6	196. Queerest Courtship (The), comic op-eretta, 1 act.	1 1
109. Locked In, comedietta, 1 act.	2 2	132. Race for a Dinner, farce, 1 act.	10 3
85. Locked In with a Lady, sketch, 1 act.	1 1	183. Richelieu, play, 5 acts.	16 2
87. Locked Out, comic scene.	1 2	38. Rightful Heir, drama, 5 acts.	10 2
143. Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act.	4 2	77. Roll of the Drum, drama, 3 acts.	8 4
189. Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act.	1 1	13. Ruy Blas, drama, 4 acts.	12 4
163. Marcoretta, drama, 3 acts.	10 3	194. Rum, drama, 3 acts.	7 4
154. Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts.	8 6	195. Rosami Shell, travesty, 1 act, 4 scenes.	6 3
63. Marriage at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	5 3	158. School, comedy, 4 acts.	6 6
39. Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act.	4 2	79. Sheep in Wolf's Clothing, drama, 1 act.	7 5
7. Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts.	5 3	37. Silent Protector, farce, 1 act.	3 2
49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.	8 2	35. Silent Woman, farce, 1 act.	2 1
15. Milky White, drama, 2 acts.	4 2	43. Sisterly Service, comedietta, 1 act.	7 2
46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.	5 2	6. Six Months Ago, comedietta, 1 act.	2 1
51. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.	3 2	10. Snapping Turtles, dialogue, 1 act.	1 1
184. Money, comedy, 5 acts.	17 3	26. Society, comedy, 3 acts.	16 5
108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.	3 3	78. Special Performances, farce, 1 act.	7 3
188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.	3 3	31. Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act.	3 3
169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.	4 1	150. Tell-Tale Heart, comedietta, 1 act.	1 2
130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.	3 1	120. Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act.	2 1
92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.	2 2	146. There's no Smoke Without Fire, comedietta, 1 act.	1 2
193. My Walking Photograph, musical duality, 1 act.	1 1	83. Thrice Married, personation piece, 1 act.	6 1
140. Never Reckon Your Chickens, etc., farce, 1 act.	3 4	42. Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts.	7 3
115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3 acts.	8 5	27. Time and Tide, drama, 3 acts and prologue.	7 5
2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.	8 3	133. Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act.	4 2
57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts.	4 4	153. 'Tis Better to Live than to Die, farce, 1 act.	2 1
104. No Name, drama, 5 acts.	7 5	134. Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1 act.	3 2
112. Not a Bit Jealous, farce, 1 act.	3 3	21. Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act.	5 3
185. Not So Bad as We Seem, play, 5 acts.	14 3	168. Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts.	4 2
184. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.	10 6	126. Twice Killed, farce, 1 act.	6 3
117. Not Such a Fool as He Looks, drama, 3 acts.	5 4	56. Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act.	3 3
171. No hing Like Paste, farce, 1 act.	3 1	123. Two Polts, farce, 1 act.	4 4
14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts and prologue.	13 6	198. Twin Sisters (The), comic operetta, 1 act.	3 1
173. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act.	3 3	162. Uncle's Will, comedietta, 1 act.	2 1
176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act.	1 2	106. Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act.	6 2
90. Only a Halfpenny, farce, 1 act.	2 2	81. Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act.	3 3
170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.	4 2	124. Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act.	6 6
33. One too Many for Him, farce, 1 act.	2 3	91. Walpole, comedy, 3 acts.	7 2
3. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.	8 4	118. Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.	3 3
97. Orange Blo-soms, comedietta, 1 act.	3 3	41. War to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts.	5 4
66. Orange Girl, drama, in prologue and 3 acts.	18 4	105. Which of the Two? comedietta, 1 act.	2 10
172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts.	6 3	98. Who is Who? farce, 1 act.	3 2
94. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act.	7 5	12. Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts.	4 4
45. Our Domestics, comedy farce, 2 acts.	6 6	5. William Tell with a Vengeance, burlesque.	8 2
155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts.	24 5	136. Woman in Red, drama, 3 acts and prologue.	6 6
178. Out at Sea, drama in prologue and 4 acts.	16 5	161. Woman's Vows and Mason's Oaths, 1 acts.	10 4
147. Overland Route, comedy, 3 acts.	11 5	11. Woodcock's Little Game, farce, 2 acts.	4 4
156. Peace at Any Price, farce, 1 act.	1 1	54. Young Collegian (Cantab.), farce, 1 act.	3 3
82. Peep o' Day, drama, 4 acts.	12 4		
127. Peggy Green, farce, 1 act.	3 10		
23. Petticoat Parliament, extravaganza, in one act.	15 24		
63. Photographic Fix, farce, 1 act.	3 2		

A COMPLETE DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

of DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS AND DE WITT'S

ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMAS, containing Plot, Costume, Scenery,

Time of Representation and every other information, mailed free and post paid. Address,
ROBERT M. DE WITT, 33 Rose Street, New York.

ONLY FIFTY CENT



0 014 492 088 0

A FIRST-CLASS MONTHLY LITERARY PAPER.

Printed on thick, fine, white Paper, from handsome, clear-faced, easily-read
Type.

Send your Address for a SPECIMEN COPY FREE of

The Home Fireside.

A MONTHLY PAPER

Strictly for the Amusement of the Home Circle.

The Home Fireside is as entertaining and useful as it is possible to make a paper. No industry nor money is spared to make this journal a welcome visitor in every home in the land. Its columns are filled with

The Best Stories, the Most Beautiful Poetry, the Most Laughable
Anecdotes, the Most Reliable Articles on Trade, Art,
Literature, the Farm, the Garden, the
Kitchen, and the Parlor.

Special Attractions to Please the GIRLS, the BOYS,
and even the BABIES.

Every Phase and Quality of Life will be Written About
except the Low and the Vicious.

*** But the appearance of **The Home Fireside** will be its surest passport into every family.

So send at once to the Publisher, by postal card, and receive by return mail a specimen copy free of cost and free of postage.

Address

CLINTON T. DE WITT,

(SUCCESSOR TO ROBT. M. DE WITT),

Publisher of **The Home Fireside**,
No. 33 Rose Street, New York.